

Thomas Blanchard, the Inventor.

Blanchard was a born genius in mechanics, so that he seemed to comprehend its laws and motions by intuition. His faculties were largely concentrated in constructive work, and while by no means deficient in others, in his youth he seemed to be a stranger to the ordinary impediments of speech. This he overcame in later years.

When he arrived at the age of eighteen, his elder brother Stephen started, in a boarding district in West Millbury, Mass., a factory with horse-power, to make tanks, and he appointed his unfortunate brother to the position of heading them in a wise, one by one. Once in a mechanic shop, his dormant genius began to wake up. Ere that youth had spent many months in this dull task he had designed, constructed and put in operation a machine that made tanks at one motion, faster than the ticking of a watch, and more finished than those made by hand. So perfect in design and construction, it was operated over twenty years, and experts who have seen it say an essential improvement has ever been made upon it. The neighbors could not at first be made to believe that that stammering youth over invented it, but when they found he had hurriedly been out of the school district, they were constrained to give him the credit.

In the same town of Millbury, a few miles below his shop, on the Blackstone River, were extensive armory works, engaged in manufacturing guns for the United States. The proprietor was then intent upon improving on the English mode of making gun-barrels, which was to weld them by hand, and grind them down before a revolving stone. He had invented a process of welding them under trip hammers, by which the work was done better, quicker and cheaper, and it was adopted at the National and other armories in this country and Europe. Finding that the grinding process left the barrels of unequal thickness around the calibre, and made them liable to explode, his next aim was to turn them in a lathe. In this he succeeded, by a lathe patented December 19, 1818, so far as the barrel was round, but to turn the irregular shape of the barrel he had to make a lathe of his own design, and not his of all the most ingenious mechanics of all the armories, of which there were eight—two National, at Springfield and Harper's Ferry, and six private in United States service, for supplying the different States. Most of them succeeded in turning the barrel so far as it was round, but all failed in their attempt to turn the butt. It could only be turned to shape by hand-filing, and this cost a dollar on each gun. The prices paid to the contractors by the War Department were limited to the cost of making arms at the National armories, and the reason given was that, in necessity, the mother of invention, they would be compelled to secure labor-saving improvements, and secure their profits, while the mechanics in those armories, being paid by the day, had no such motive.

The wisdom of this policy was abundantly verified, and the public of to-day are little aware how much they are indebted to the private armories for mechanical improvements. Guns were formerly made entirely by hand, and most of them were turned to shape by hand-filing, which was a slow and tedious process, followed as it was by the use of the lathe, which was nearly obsolete, the work being done by machinery. The contractors having labored a year or more in fruitless attempts to solve the problem of reducing the butt by a machine, at length the proprietor of the armory works at Millbury, in sheer desperation, hearing of a budding genius in a border farming district, sent for him to come to his armory. When he came he seemed a stranger to all present, diffident, had a stammering tongue, and not much was expected of him. Being told what he was wanted, he glanced his eye over the machine, began a low, monotonous whistle, as was his wont through life when in deep study, and ere long suggested an additional, very simple, but wholly original arm motion, which upon being applied relieved the difficulty at once, and proved a perfect success. The proprietor was delighted, and turning to him said: "Well, Thomas, I don't know what you won't do next. I would not be surprised if you turned a gun-stock in a lathe, which is a possible feat in mechanics but could not be done by any other means. You are a regular form first flashed through his mind, although it required many months to elaborate it.

Blanchard was soon called to Springfield armory to adjust similar arm motions, and on a return journey, when riding solitary and alone in his carriage, he suddenly exclaimed, like Archimedes of old, with great glees, "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it! Two men by the wayside overheard him, and one said to the other, "I guess that man is crazy!"

He sold his tank-machine for five thousand dollars—a mere trifle for its worth, but a great fortune to him then. He built a shop, filled it with tools, and kept himself locked in for about two years. At last he emerged, and brought with him a miniature of his tank-machine, and a full-sized working machine was decided upon. The aid of other mechanics was called in, and Blanchard's first eccentric lathe was built in Millbury. In the meantime the State of Massachusetts was deploring the loss of a great inventor, and the Ordnance Department were desirous of having it launched into notice from the National Armory at Springfield. Blanchard, feeling a just pride in this recognition of his great invention, ordered it sent there. It remained long enough to build a new one, was then returned to Millbury, and set up in the armory where it was continued in operation about twenty years.

When the news was first proclaimed from Springfield of a machine running there which turned gun-stocks, it was generally discredited. But mechanics came flocking from far and near to see the mechanic phenomenon.—*See H. Waters, in Harper's Magazine.*

Woman's Wisdom.

She insists that it is of more importance that her family should be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness, with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way.—*Ed.*

Our Young Readers.

TOM ELLIOT'S FOURTH.

Thanksgiving is all well enough in its way. Against Christmas and New Year I've nothing to say. But my dog and the fellows and I—That is, all the fellows who have any spunk. We save up for months to buy powder and guns. And keep fire-crackers hid in my old leather trunk. We just live for the Fourth of July!

Tom stays at his aunt's, near the end of the Hor house is quite fine but she's hateful as Cain. And I'm going to tell what she said. One day, when my dog and the fellows and I had gone to Tom's house to spend Fourth of July. And then, being under her window, we'd try to be quiet as mice, or the dead.

We said "Hurrah!" softly, for fear she'd be mad. We got off the littlest cannon we had. As under the bushes we hid. Tom screamed "Do be quiet!" at each little gun. And when my dog yelped as he tore up the ground, I tried to be a piece of a cracker he'd found. I cried "Lie down, sir!" And he did.

Yes, he did every time—but 'twas all of no use. When folks want to find fault they can make an excuse. So he popped her head out through the And cried: "Tom, your father shall hear about you!"

To put up with this longer is more than I'll do. Come into the house, air, and send off the That are spoiling my flowers and lines!

"Independence, indeed! I'd rather, I say, Be under the rule of Great Britain to-day Than subjected to noises I hate!"

Oh! sharper than cracklers the cruel words rang. And quickly the window went down with a As up from the bushes my brave old dog sprang.

And followed me out of the gate. She's as cross as an old party as ever could be. She's as cross as an old party as ever could be. She's as cross as an old party as ever could be. She's as cross as an old party as ever could be.

And though they don't love her, they can't. No, I can't—and, besides that, I don't mean to. And next year my dog and the fellows and I Will go off on the rocks to spend Fourth of With no thanks to Tom or his aunt!

—Sarah J. Burke, in St. Nicholas.

WHY TOMMY LOST HIS PROMOTION.

Tom Jones began to wheeze and sneeze last night, and pretty soon a cough set in that worried his mamma, and she was just making up her mind to send for the family physician, when Tom was seized one morning with a fit of coughing which ended in a prolonged, unmistakable whoop. No Indian on the war-path ever seemed better satisfied with a whoop than Mrs. Jones did with this one of Tom's.

"Does a legacy usually come with it?" said Mr. Jones. "Well, it's a comfort to know it isn't anything settling on his lungs," replied Mrs. Jones. "He's got to have whooping-cough some time, and it's a good time to have it now, when the warm weather is coming. Now we needn't wait for vacation to go the country."

"You are in luck, Tom," said Mr. Jones. "You can take a long legal holiday, and need not play hooky any more."

"Catch me taking a holiday till the rest of the boys do, and you'll catch a wessel asleep," Joe Brown ain't going to get ahead of me," said Tom, whose father knew he never "played hooky."

"But, my son, you don't want to give away the whooping-cough? It's something nice to keep; you mustn't be too generous with it!"

"There's nothing stingy about me," said Tom, who, in truth, was a whole-souled little fellow, always sharing what he had with his playmates. "If it's a good time to have it, why can't I go and give it to the whole class?"

"There's a prejudice against people being too generous," said Mr. Jones; and, patting Tom's head, he went off to business.

Tom gathered up his books, but his mamma explained to him that he couldn't go to school with whooping-cough. "How long does this thing last?" said Tom, impatiently.

"Oh, quite a while," said Mrs. Jones, cheerfully—"two or three months, perhaps."

"Two or three months!" echoed Tom, with dismay. "Why, Joe Brown'll be away ahead of me by that time, and I shall be promoted!"

"Well, never mind, dear," said his mamma. "It can't be helped, you know. It's a good time to have it some time, and it's a good time to have it now."

Mrs. Jones began humming a tune, and went up stairs to dress her truss, not dreaming of the deepest that rested in the bosom of her son Tom. He threw down his books, put both elbows on the table, and let his chin fall into his hands. It was all he could do to keep up with Joe Brown now. Joe was a sickly fellow, but he had great pluck and perseverance, and would do his examples with a handkerchief tied around his head. He lost many days by sickness, but always made it up by extra work, and the extra brains that he had stored away somewhere in that rickety noodle of his. Tom admired him and loved him. They had been neighbors, chums and classmates as long as he could remember. Their wood-sheds (joined at the back of their yards, and every morning each climbed up to have a look at the other about the boy-business of the day. Tom admired and loved Joe, but he feared him, too. Joe's delicate health and extra brains about struck a balance with Tom's rugged constitution and average intellect; but how about these extra months of whooping-cough? Those would leave fearful odds on Joe's side. Tom could never catch up with him again—never! It was mean. It was hard. It was not to be borne. Why couldn't Joe get the peck old whooping-cough, too? But Tom thought of Joe's hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and put that temptation away from him. He made up his mind he would caution Joe at once, and ran out to Bridget for a yellow rag that he had seen about the kitchen. Taking it out to the woodshed he hoisted it upon a hastily improvised pulley.

"What's that?" said Joe, who had been waiting for Tom. "I'm quarantining," shouted Tom. "Don't breathe this way. You know that cough of mine? Well, it's whooping-cough!"

Joe darted back. "Gracious!" he said. "I wouldn't have it for anything. I couldn't go to school. I'd lose all chance of promotion."

"That's my case exactly," said Tom, bitterly. "It's too bad, Tom," called Joe, keeping well out of breathing distance. "But say, old fellow, you can study all the time, you know. You're a sturdy chap; it won't hinder you. I would knock me higher than a kite. I can't afford to lose any flesh and blood. I'm next door to a skeleton, now."

Tom remembered that. He was glad

then he had hoisted the quarantine flag.

Joe went on shouting: "I'll keep you posted in the lessons, Tom, so you won't fall behind. I'll stick to you like bees-wax." Eh, Tom, is that all right?"

"All right," called Tom. The quarter bell rang. Joe and Tom parted for many a day. Tom went out to his grandfather's farm with his mother, and Joe went to school.

To an indifferent observer it would seem that there was no comparison between Tom's luck and Joe's. To have a grandfather who was a good deal, in the first place; Joe hadn't any. He hadn't even a father. But to have a grandfather that owned a farm! Here was what you might call downright good fortune. Tom did enjoy it. His whooping-cough was of a light variety, and didn't disturb him much. But he was all the while thinking of the boys fighting away at those exam-

ples, and much as he enjoyed it was to puzzle them out in the classroom than out there in the haymow. There is so much to distract a fellow. If the boys at school made as much fuss over doing a sum as the hens did about laying an egg they'd drive the teacher mad. Then the swallows were circling around the top of the barn until it made a body's head swim, and that young rascal of a colt gnawed the manger and kicked and coaxed to go after with Tom, and if ever there did happen to be a full in the market, something in that hay made a fellow so sleepy—must have been some poppies dried in that grass. And, worst of all, Joe Brown had turned traitor. He had been as good as his word at first, and had kept Tom posted right along; but for more than a month he hadn't sent him a line. It was so hard to plod along almost in the dark. His father helped him, but he came up on Saturdays, and Tom didn't give up. He studied on out of his own head; it was harder work for a boy with a heart like Tom's to strive for spite than love. Tom felt that he might perhaps pass with the rest of the boys, and keep abreast with Joe Brown after all, but there wasn't much comfort in it.

His father took him back to the city the last week in June, and on the night of his arrival Tom went out to the woodshed to have it out with Joe. He caught up his mind to tell him what he thought of him, and also speak to him; but he felt very miserable over it, very miserable indeed.

Bridget was out there splitting wood, and called to Tom as he began to climb. "You needn't rache up to see the boy beyant. He'll climb no more. He's lyin' in bed those three weeks, and they say he's wastin' away. That nasty 'whoopin'-cough' wind bad wid the poor little crathur!"

"Whoopin'-cough?" cried Tom. "Did Joe get it?"

"AV course he did, wid all the rest of the gossipoes, but it wint wrong wid poor Joe's windpipe, bad luck to it, and ruined him intirely."

Tom ran out in the street. He felt so sorry, and so glad—so sorry Joe was sick, and so glad he was true. His heart leaped up to think he had found his friend again, and then sank because what Bridget said had given him a monstrous fear. The very first boy Tom met told him the doctor said he didn't think Joe Brown would live to go to school again.

Tom ran in to his father with so pale a face that it frightened Mr. Jones; but he was Tom's confidant as well as his father, and soothed and comforted him. "Come," he said, taking Tom by the hand, "let's go around and see Joe."

They found him in bed, and as while the wall he was propped against. He held out his hand to Tom. "You've come back in time for the examination," he said, with a little bit of sternness in his smile. "You've got all the odds now. Tom; go in and win. I told you this thing would cripple me. I'll never tackle an example again."

Tom grow almost as pale as Joe, and looked imploringly at his father. His heart rolled out of Mrs. Brown's eyes. "He's all I have in the world," whispered the poor widow to Mr. Jones. "Well, please God, he'll be all right. Mr. Jones, 'Joe will be all right yet. With your permission we'll get him out in the country on Tom's grandfather's farm. What he wants is country air and rest, and to give up this wicked struggle for supremacy. There's a better victory, my boys, than that with a mathematical problem—to do the best you can, and bid goodspeed to the one that can honestly do better. There are some things that have to be done by motion, and you'll find them out on the farm; health, contentment—"

"And the jolliest colt you ever saw," Joe, broke in Tom. "and no end to dogs and pigeons."

Joe began to look so much brighter and better. "What did you go back and pass the examination, Tom," he said. "I've been awfully mean and envious of you; but I'd take as much pride in it now as you would."

"Wait till you're able to go with me," said Tom. "I can't mean any envious too; but we'll begin all over again, Joe, in grandpop's barn."

So the boys went back to the country together, and Tom lost his promotion; but when Joe was able to first set his foot in Tom's grandfather's barn, and see that colt, Tom was one of the happiest fellows in the world.—*Mrs. Frank McCorty, in Harper's Young People.*

Budding.

This is the time when we like to call the attention of farmers and gardeners to the work of budding their fruit trees. Those who were too much hurried in their spring work to attend to it in April and May, can now make up for lost time by resorting to this mode of increasing the variety and amount of orchard produce. Budding can now be done, and continued through this month, July and the forepart of August. It is not as difficult as grafting, but like the latter it must be understood how it is to be done, though this is easy to do by giving a little attention how others do it. To cut a bud from the parent branch, it should take about an inch and a half of the bark and a slice of the wood for three-fourths of the length of the bark, the bud being about in the center and in setting it out a slit in the bark of the tree only, say two inches in length, and at the top make a cut across the slit; then carefully raise the bark up with the knife and insert in it the bud. Do it as neatly as possible. Then wrap around the entire slit and up to the bud with matting, using strips about a foot long and half an inch in width, and tie in a knot. Of course the wound in the bark in which the bud is set remains just as it was before, no taping or cutting off.

The budding of peach trees is best deferred until August, and is always adopted instead of grafting, which is not recommended for this fruit.—*Gen. McIntown, Telegraph.*

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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And in all classes of

SUMMER GOODS!

applied

Dr. JAMES,

Lock Hospital,

204 Washington St.,

CHICAGO.

Chronic diseases of the

urinary system, such as

gonorrhea, stricture, etc.,

are cured by the use of

the "Lock Hospital" system.

See our circulars, or call on

Dr. James at his office, 204

Washington St., Chicago.

Refuse to be cured by

quack medicine, or by the

use of the "Lock Hospital"

system, until you have

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